

SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

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NEW YEAR'S '93

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

New life and light! new rapture and new joy!
New hopes, though all these fall, to light my days.
Oh, take my heart's delight in these thy gifts,
My thanks and praise, O Lord, my thanks and praise!Dusty the way has been, and long and dark;
Even now I scarce dare hope, for hope betrays.
Faithless heart, to him who cares for thee,
Give now thy thanks and praise! thy thanks and praise!Farely the sun will shine throughout the land;
Surely her miracles will work the spring.
Life stands revealed where all seemed drear
and dead.
O heart! my heart! thou mayst give thanks and sing,
Sing and rejoice! Ever give thanks and sing!
Life rises! Death is not, though it seem to be!
Love sleeps not! God is an eternal king!
His thought shall reach every to heart and soul.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

AN OLD FOGY'S MONEY

"Here's your newspaper, Uncle Nat," said Gladys Fane. "I've aired it myself, to make sure that there isn't the least particle of damp about it. And your slippers—oh, here they are! Is the screen just in the right place? And now I'll go and see about the coffee—I have such a nice French recipe for making it that Lottie Alden sent me from Paris." All this time Esther Ellis stood quietly by the window, looking out at the snow which was falling—falling, a cloud of blinding, eddying white, blotting out the tall fir trees, thatching the gateposts with eider down and covering the carriage drive with a mantle of velvet softness.

Esther was tall and slight, with dreamy blue eyes, brown hair brushed back from her temples, and a delicate, nervous mouth. She had none of her cousin Gladys' dimpled beauty nor tropical richness of complexion, and she felt the contrast painfully in her heart. "Pull the shade down a little, Esther," said Mr. Fane sharply. "Don't you see how the light is blinding my eyes? But you never notice things as Gladys does." Esther obeyed feebly.

"You needn't jerk it so," said Uncle Fane. "Now shut the closet door—it has been squeaking these five minutes on its hinges in a way to set a man's teeth on edge." "I didn't observe it, uncle."

"That's exactly what I'm saying—you don't notice my comfort or discomfort as Gladys does. Gladys, now, is really fond of me. Look at these slippers; she has crocheted them for me while you were sitting dreaming over your novels." Esther opened her lips as if to speak; then she closed them again.

The slippers had assuredly been Gladys' gift to Uncle Fane; but was it possible Gladys had concealed the fact that she (Esther) had done all the work at Gladys' coaxing request?

She was too honorable to betray the little diplomatist, who just then came in with the tray of coffee and eggs, but all the same she felt the injustice in her heart.

Uncle Fane was rich and childless. He had taken the orphan, Esther Ellis, to bring up, and his brother, a keen Philadelphia lawyer, had sent Gladys to make him a prolonged visit on the chance of her being able to ingratiate herself into the affections of the rich old man.

"Oh, papa," pleaded Gladys, "it will be worse than Egyptian bondage! I hate old people!"

"But you don't hate money—do you, Gladys? And there's no reason you shouldn't be this old man's heiress as well as Esther Ellis."

"Oh, Esther! I can cut Esther Ellis out easily enough," said handsome Gladys, with an exulting laugh. "And she wouldn't know how to spend it if she had it. The poor, spoiled thing! Well, I suppose it's worth a little hard work to get hold of old Uncle Fane's shekels, and he certainly can't last forever!"

So Gladys had come, smiling and sweet voiced, to the old stone house, and Esther's affectionate little heart was sore with jealous pang; all the more bitter because they were unuttered.

"Uncle, darling, can't we have a New Year's party at the old house?" Gladys had suddenly inquired one day. "The downstairs rooms could be thrown into one so beautifully, and I could find such lovely spruce and hemlock boughs in the woods to decorate the doors and corridors, and this is just a nice distance by railroad for people to come. Please, uncle, say that I may!"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Fane, setting his lips together in that Napoleon way he had when he particularly meant things. "I hate parties and confusion, and when my poor wife died from pneumonia, brought on by sitting in a draft at somebody's paltry birthday party, I vowed a vow that no such foolery should ever go on in this house."

"Yes, but, uncle, we won't!"

"No!" said Uncle Fane.

And even Gladys had not the audacity to press matters further.

"It's too bad," pouted Gladys to her cousin Esther. "He's a perfect old dog in the manger. Does he suppose nobody ever is to be young any more because he is old?"

"He has a right to his own way in his own house, Gladys," remonstrated Esther.

"You are as bad as he is," said Gladys.

On this particular day, when the breakfast was removed, Esther brought in the little writing desk, strewn with papers, at which she ordinarily wrote to her uncle's dictation, but the old man waived her impatiently away. "Call Gladys," said he. "She is a quicker amanuensis than you are, and I write a round, clerical hand. I'll have Gladys do the copying for me henceforward."

Gladys flashed a triumphant glance across the table at her cousin, and Esther, meekly replying, "Very well, un-

cle," went away to cry in her own room.

For, shy and reticent as she was in her manner, she really did love Uncle Fane.

"He's failing—I'm sure he's failing!" said Gladys to Esther. "He went to sleep twice while I was writing that tedious nonsense about stars and parallaxes and asteroids to his dictation and slept a good long time, and he's actually going up to Philadelphia to read that mass of four-syllabled dullness to some scientific convention or other. When I heard that I made up my mind and wrote off a lot of letters while he was napping to some nice young people I know."

"Letters, Gladys! What for?"

"To invite them to a merry gathering here to the Old Year out and the New Year in," laughed Gladys. "I told Sister Lapham to order the supper from Dator's, and I authorized Jim Le Courvay to engage a pianist and two violinists. Now don't look so horrified. Uncle Nat will be none the wiser, and he'll be enjoying himself at his scientific convention, so why shouldn't we go in for a bit of fun too? And if you know what color is most becoming to you, Essie, you'll order a heliotrope dress for the occasion. You are quite decent looking in heliotrope!"

"I shall certainly condescend to such an affair, Gladys," said Esther decidedly. "Nothing is further from my thoughts than openly to disobey Uncle Nat."

"But you won't betray me, Esther? You wouldn't be so dishonorable?"

"It would be still more dishonorable to deceive Uncle Nat!" protested Esther. "Promise me, Gladys, to abandon the whole affair!"

And to her great relief Gladys promised, putting and ready to cry, however.

Going to Philadelphia was a great event in Mr. Fane's life. Twice—three times Gladys had to copy the somewhat prolix paper which he proposed to read before the members of his scientific club, and at the very last it was taken out of her hands and sent to a typewriting young damsel in the neighborhood.

His portmanteau was carefully packed and repacked; a score of directions was reiterated to every one in the house, and at last he went away, the carefully up in the sleigh, with fur gloves, silk mufflers and arctic rubbers without end.

"What a dreadful old molly coddle he is, to be sure!" said irreverent Gladys. And when the cutter came jingling back from the station she beckoned to little Caesar to stop.

"I'm going to the station myself," said Gladys.

"Oh, Gladys, what for?"

"To send half a dozen telegrams or so," said the city young lady composedly. "To hurry up matters about my New Year's party."

"Your New Year's party! I thought you had given it up, Gladys."

"Not I. If you don't want to come to it, Miss Stuff-and-prime, you needn't mean to have it all the same!" and Gladys danced merrily off to the sleigh, and whirled away like a laughing sprite into the brilliant winter sunshine.

New Year's eve came, and for a wonder it neither rained, sleeted nor snowed. The roads were like firm, beautiful alabaster; the sky all studded with glittering stars; the air just cool enough to be bracing and invigorating. The Fane house was illuminated from garret to cellar, the band was clashing out gay music, and the train from Philadelphia had brought a goodly number of young people in gala array, who were to be re-enforced by the neighbors, all of whom were bound over to secrecy.

Gladys, in a blue silk dress, draped with clouds of azure tulle, which had been charged to Uncle Fane's account, was receiving them most graciously, and the tide of gaiety was at its highest when the head waiter came to ask her if it was her pleasure that the supper should be served.

"Let's go down and look at the table, Jim," she said to young Le Courvay, who seemed to her as her regent in chief, "to make sure that it's all right before we invite our friends to eat, drink and be merry."

"Who's that old cove just coming in at the opposite door—the caterer himself," said facetious Le Courvay, "or some tramp who has smelled the frying oysters and chicken croquettes under the kitchen windows?"

Gladys dropped her escort's arm and grew pale as ashes.

"Uncle Nat!" she gasped.

"A happy New Year, my dear," said Uncle Nat, chuckling. "You hardly expected to see me here, did you? A fine supper this you have prepared. I'll just drink a cup of coffee and eat a little of this very excellent chicken salad before I go up to my room. You see, the old man isn't quite so moribund of what is going on as you supposed he was."

"Esther has turned up and informed!" cried Gladys. "I never, never will forgive her!"

"Not at all, my dear; not at all," said Uncle Fane. "But I chanced to find among the pages of my astronomical manuscript a half finished letter from yourself to some city friend, in which you described in a very spirited way me and my household, and your intention of outwitting both me and Esther Ellis by giving a New Year's party in defiance of us both. Esther, you said, was too loyal to the old fogy to hear of such a thing, but that you were going to have your own way in spite of her. Very well, my dear; you've had it. But there's another thing you haven't got, and won't have, and that is one solitary, single cent of the old fogy's money! Hush! What's that? Ah, the bells in the village steeple ringing in the New Year?"

At the same moment little Essie, dressed in a gray flannel wrapper, came running down stairs and flew into Mr. Fane's arms.

"Uncle Nat! Oh, Uncle Nat!" she cried.

"Here's one who is glad to see me, at all events," said Mr. Fane, a slight quiver in his voice. "A glad New Year to you, Essie! And we'll keep it together, you and I, all the rest of the years that God gives me! And of all the presents that I could have your love and constancy are the best and sweetest!"—Saturday Night.

CUTTING THE MISTLETOE.

An Ancient Druid New Year Custom Now Associated with Christmas.

The mistletoe has for many years been generally associated with the celebration of Christmas, but in fact the cutting of the mistletoe was in honor of the New Year.

The Druids were summoned to meet at this time by the supreme pontiff. The priests came forth from their forests and traversed their various districts, inviting the faithful to follow them with the cry of hal (first day of the year) or kalomna (gifts) to attend the holy ceremony of gui (mistletoe) of the New Year.

The supreme pontiff of the Druidical order was, as it were, his pope. Immense numbers of the clergy and laity were present at the fete. The ceremony opened with a search for the famous mistletoe upon a tree of thirty years' growth, and the mistletoe found was become by its consecration the pan-crismum or panacea for all woes.

When the mistletoe was found, a triangular altar of earth was raised at the foot of the tree on which it had been discovered, and then commenced a procession. First marched the Engall, conducting two white bulls, which had never been subjected to a yoke. These were followed by the bards, who sang hymns in honor of the Supreme Being.

Next came the novices, students and disciples, accompanied by a herald in white. Then followed the most ancient pontiffs—one carrying bread that was to be offered up; the second two vessels—one filled with water and the other with wine, and the third a lance made of ivory attached to a wand, symbolical of justice and power. Next came the clergy, preceded by the supreme pontiff in a white robe and wearing a girdle of gold, and the procession closed with the nobles and the people.

The cortege having arrived beneath the tree, the officiant, after prayers, burned a morsel of bread and poured consecrated wine and water on the altar and divided what remained among the assistant priests. This done, he ascended the tree and cut off with a golden sickle the mistletoe and dropped it into the robe of one of the principal pontiffs, who received it with profound reverence. The supreme pontiff, aided by the Engall, then immolated the two bulls and concluded the religious ceremony by praying, with his arms raised, that God would permit his benediction to rest upon the gift he was about to distribute among the people, then prostrate upon the ground.

Immediately afterward the inferior priests distributed as a gift to the assembled multitude particles of the sacred mistletoe, and the chiefs, who felt honored in receiving it, and who, as an act of devotion and as a talisman against harm, wore it round their necks in time of war.

Sickness, enchantment and malevolent spirits were expelled by it. Nothing evil was capable of diminishing its efficacy, and lightning itself would not fall upon the house that contained it.—Philadelphia Times.

New Year's Gifts.

In England the observance of New Year's day by the bestowal of gifts dates from the Caesars. In the Seventeenth century it was customary for the English nobility to send purses of gold to the king. The reason prompting this custom of gifts arose from belief that was a message drawn from the first things met with on the beginning of a day, week or year, and of course nothing can be more pleasing than a gift. A rejoicing with friends at their escape from the year's dangers, joined to mutual congratulations for the future, by presents and good wishes for the happy continuance of good fortunes, is a proper view of life and its duties.

In olden times hospitalities were renewed by offerings called xenia, which was the name bestowed upon New Year's gifts, as serving to renew friendship, one of the greatest blessings imparted by heaven to man; a blessing not fully appreciated by the community at large at the present moment. The Dutch had evidently brought their good old fashioned ideas of friendship with them when they landed here, and they had acquired them before quitting their native land from pretty nearly the same sources as other nations.—Exchange.

An Anecdote of the Olden Time.

In the time of Charles I of England a court jester was cleverly outwitted by a nobleman, who, according to the custom of the day, presented the jester with a sum of money.

On New Year's morning the jester came into the presence of the nobleman, and received, as he expected, a number of gold pieces. He thought he had not been given enough, so he tossed them in his hand, muttering that they were light. The nobleman saw this, and said, "Fie, fie, truly, let me see them again, and, by the way, there is one of them I would be loath to part with."

Naturally enough, perhaps, Archy thought more coins were to be added to his store, so he willingly returned them to his lordship. But the nobleman put them into his pocket, saying, "Once gave my money into the hands of a fool who hadn't the wit to keep it."—Philadelphia Record.

The New Year.

The New Year rises from night's silent tide, As Venus rose from out the foaming spray, And his high lordship, who is now a while Smiles on the glories of Time's newborn day, With blushing pride upon his tinted cheek, And love light flashing from his sparkling eyes.

He feels a rapture which he dare not speak, Least this bright vision fade from earth and sky. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Is

The Christmas trifle And a New Year's tangle, And when he came unto himself A sadder man was he. And if he then misdeed resolves, And swore them all by thunder, You good men who have all been there, Just say if it's a wonder. —New York Herald.

NEW YEAR CUSTOMS.

CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN THEIR OBSERVANCE.

The Old Time Round of Calling and Drinking No Longer Fashionable in New York—Country Frolics Are Now Popular—A Sad Story.

There was a time, and that was not too many years ago to count upon the fingers, when New Year's day was the "maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year," for every man put on his holiday manner and his very best clothes, and called on all the women he knew.

In towns and cities where this custom prevailed each house wore a festal air, and each housekeeper spread her table with such attractive viands as could be partaken without ceremony, for there was no time for sitting down to eating and drinking with a list such as many men had of several hundred calls to be rushed through in that one day.

In New York the custom became at last a tax. There was no real sociability made evident in a hurried handshake and greeting, followed immediately by an equally hurried farewell; and yet there was time for nothing more, and even with all this haste few men could finish the calls written upon their lists, and omissions were apt to give offense.

Pushing young men took advantage of the hurry and flurry of the day to call at houses where custom under other circumstances would not have been possible. Even if they could only bow to the engrossed hostess they could pass on to some of the young women receiving with friends of the house. Their cards would be left and possibly included among the guests to be invited on other occasions, which was the end they hoped to gain by their assumption.

Another evil which right thinking people took a grave view of was the promotion of social drinking which the custom fostered. Men who could not stop for a bite did manage to pause for a glass of wine or cordial, or even a stiff dose of brandy and water, "just to keep the cold out, you know." The result of so many tastes was apt to become disastrous before the day was out, and there were incidents and scenes which were sad to witness.

Worse than all was the fall of some who yielded against their better judgment to the pleading of Circe as she sparkled and beamed and threatened to frown on the young man who refused the glass she held to him in her white gloved hand.

I know a white haired mother whose sad lips refuse to smile because her only daughter is hopelessly insane. The girl was engaged to a man to whom liquor was a terrible temptation, a hereditary craving against which he had silently fought a good fight and triumphed. One New Year's morn'g, the first of their engagement, his fiancée made a point of his taking a glass of wine with her. He refused, she insisted—no knowing his weakness—and at last declared that if he would not yield to her pleasure in such a small matter his affection could not be what he pretended. He could not resist beyond that, but that one glass opened the gates to his enemy, and the passion for drink conquered him, and he was never overcome. Grief and remorse deprived the gay, thoughtless girl of reason. That is only one story. There are thousands as pitiful, and, feeling the danger which attended the pretty custom of New Year's calls, one can hardly regret its disuse.

In New York and Philadelphia, and to a limited degree in some other places, it is fashionable to make up country parties, leaving town on one of the last days of the year and spending a week in such amusements as the hostess can invent. If she owns a country house she will open it for her guests, or lacking a house she will hire of some farmer all the rooms he can spare, and turn her entertainments into an institution of some of the primitive frolics in which our ancestors were supposed to delight.

Barn dances for the evenings and straw rides for the daylight are among the amusements offered on these occasions, and for variety the Halloween tests or ceremonies are introduced, and the gay visitors toss apple skins, float apples, nutmeg chestnuts and oat bran boiled eggs with salt, filling the cavity made by taking out the yolk, agreeably to the old tradition that a dream would follow in which the thirsty one's lover would bring a drink.

For those who stay at home the festivities which belong to the day are not overwhelming, being generally confined to a family dinner, and possibly the theater or a reception in the evening. It is not a day for family gatherings, like Christmas or Thanksgiving, and, as the social avocations are relinquished, time seems unoccupied and the day is not altogether enjoyable.

But the New Year deserves a form of celebration as well as the other anniversaries, and those who mold and lead society should inaugurate some especial entertainment or custom by which we may enliven the day.—New York Recorder.

New Year's Song.

Come, new year, And strep pale roses for thy sister's hair! Loves are turned cold by art her birth leaped high! When thou art old, then, too, forget, shalt lie, With all thy golden glories faded, ere, Come, new year!

Sleep, dead year! For dear delights are thine, and days are drear, For oh, for oh, bleak lie the fields and bare; For me—new—winter is everywhere; With eyes that see not, ears that never hear, Sleep, dead year!

Come, new year! But silently! Let fall no foolish tear For caubering care, or grief, or joy gone by, Since all must yield to age and change and die, With just joy cherished, perished, days once dear, Sleep, dead year!

Sleep, dead year! Soon on spring's brow your vixen shall peer, Burst from earth's casket for thy pleasing, Purple and gold, for tender treasuring, Guard the first morning, the first and clear! Come, new year! May's Vernal in Boston Transcript.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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—AND—

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Land Notice.

—AT—

LAND OFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO,

Cal., Oct. 17, 1892. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at San Francisco, Cal., on Thursday, December 31, 1892, viz: Lewis W. Mayer, H. E. 9901 for the lots 5, 6, 7 and 12, Sec. 13, T. 6 N., R. 6 W., M. D. 31.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Albert Goskold, John Steir of Agua Caliente, Wm. Gould and R. Follman of San Francisco, Cal. JOHN F. SHEEHAN, Register.

JOHN E. SEXTON,

321 PINE ST.,

San Francisco, California.

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And all kinds of Light Machinery furnished at lowest prices, and setup if desired.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada.

If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If you dread the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

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Star flour at Weyl's. The best and cheapest.

Schocken keeps the best and cheapest groceries.

Weyl's is the place to get a bargain in groceries.

Farmers are busily engaged in pruning their orchards.

The best of beef, mutton, pork, veal, sausages, etc., at Weyl's meat market.

The Sonoma House, C. F. Rodin, proprietor, is being completely renovated.

Weyl's meat market is supplied with everything kept in a first-class butcher shop.

Simmons Liver Regulator always cures and prevents indigestion or dyspepsia.

Schocken always keeps on hand a complete stock of fresh groceries and dry goods.

The Sonoma House is the house for commercial travelers. C. F. Rodin, proprietor.

Harry Krager of the Bank Exchange dispensed free egg nog on Christmas day.

John Austin, Agua Caliente, dealer in furniture and mattresses. One good buggy \$10.

All the latest styles in Fall and Winter millinery at Miss S. Robinson's, Main St., Petaluma.

Butterick Patterns—A full stock. Send 1 cent stamp for fashion sheet to Atwater's book and music store, Petaluma.

A Beautiful Assortment of plain and fancy Crockery, Glassware, China, etc., at Atwater's crockery store, Petaluma.

Books—Toys, juvenile and standard books from 1 cent to \$10 each at Atwater's book and music store, Petaluma, Cal.

Fruit, Nut, Ornamental and Shrub trees and Grape vines sold at lowest prices at my place near Sonoma. E. F. Campbell.

Wells, Fargo & Co's express office has been moved from the Donahue railway depot to Duhring's store, with R. E. Perkins as agent.

Mrs. Mary Nelson died at her home in San Francisco on Christmas day of cancer. The deceased had many friends and acquaintances in Sonoma.

For Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery and also everything kept in a general merchandise store go to Schocken's, north side Plaza, Sonoma.

John Cooper, who is now living in the State of Washington, is visiting relatives in Sonoma. Mr. Cooper is administrator of the Lossee estate and while here will endeavor to wind up the affairs of the same.

On Saturday last, when the recent storm had reached its climax, the railroad track on the Donahue line below McGill's station was covered by two feet of water. Little or no damage, however, was done to the roadbed.

Ducks are remarkably scarce in the marshes and fresh water ponds bordering the shores of Sonoma creek and San Pablo bay. He is a mighty hunter, indeed, who can bag a few little old skinny spoonbills these days.

Mrs. Neal, mother of Mrs. Trudgen, died at the home of the latter last Saturday of old age. The deceased had been sick a long time and her death had been expected daily for weeks. The remains were taken to Cordelia, Sonoma county, and laid beside those of her daughter Mrs. Belle Calderwood, who died in this place two years ago.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Christmas day the choir of St. Francis Church will repeat the Christmas music, with some variations as regards effect and strength of chorus, on New Year's day. The choir is composed of Mrs. Empson, Misses Lola and Natalia Haraszhly, Mr. T. Storm, Mrs. C. Dowdall, Mrs. Dr. Walliser, Mr. John Kearney and the pupils of the Presentation Convent.

Captain Boyes has been appointed the agent of the large English real estate firm of Scott & Jackson in London. All parties wishing to sell should call and see him. He will put their places at once on the English market, where they will have the best and strictest attention. If you desire to secure a purchaser do not ask a fancy price, especially for unimproved lands. Mr. Boyes will have many parties out to see places from January 1st on.

The new Board of Supervisors will meet for the first time next Tuesday. We congratulate the taxpayers on the change. The old Board of Supervisors were the most reckless and extravagant that ever transacted the business of the county. The old Board, be it said with shame, was a Democratic body run by a Republican member. The new Board is also Democratic but will not be controlled by a Republican boss.

BLOODY AFFAIR.

Three Italians Run Amuck on Christmas Night.

About 7 o'clock on Christmas night three Italian laborers entered the Garibaldi House, where eighteen or twenty of their countrymen were seated, most of whom were guests of the hotel, and commenced a disturbance. Knives were drawn and a general melee ensued, in which the knives were freely used. Before hostilities ceased the interior of the house looked like a slaughter pen. An innocent, peaceable guest by the name of A. Parraso, while sitting by the fireplace was assaulted with a knife by one of the men, who cut him in a frightful manner on the right side of the face. In the meantime the two other men were also engaged in fighting the other inmates, with the result that one of them, Felice Criste by name was cut on the wrist and C. Galli, another of the assailants, received a cut in the lower part of the abdomen. On Monday Criste and Galli were arrested by Marshal Sparks and taken before Judge Cheney, who held them on the charge of assault with a deadly weapon. Galli, the man who did most of the cutting, immediately after the fracas made his escape, but was subsequently arrested on the Golden State place, several miles north of town.

The cause of the difficulty was an old grudge.

Felice Criste, an employee on the Dressel place, a participant in the affair, had his examination before Judge Cheney, Thursday, for assaulting one of the wounded men, P. Ualdi, who was cut on the wrist. District Attorney Barnett and J. P. Rodgers appeared for the prosecution, and Judge F. Breitenbach and A. D. Spivak represented the defendant.

Eighteen witnesses testified for and against the accused, with the result that Criste was held to answer to a charge of assault with a deadly weapon, with bonds fixed at \$500, which was furnished by friends.

The examination of Galli and Ualdi was continued to next Tuesday to be ready, Galli being out so badly that he was unable to appear in court.

THE STORM.

Highest Flood Tide Known in Years.

The storm, which raged with great fury last Saturday, caused one of the highest flood tides in the history of the bay and has been known in that section of the valley for years. The southeaster which prevailed all night Friday sent the tide water a booming up Sonoma creek and other streams emptying into San Pablo bay.

Embarrassed and all the farms in the near vicinity bordering on Sonoma creek were submerged and in some instances the water was even with the door sills of the houses, and the surrounding country looked like a vast inland sea.

In the afternoon the tide receded, much to the peace of mind of the people in that part of the valley, who feared they would be drowned out there this time.

The lives on the Jones-Pless ranch withstood the tide nobly, not one brook being reported on the 4000 acres reclaimed last year by W. B. Pless.

So far the damage reported is slight and is confined to the washing away of fences, chicken coops and firewood.

Death of D. W. Jones.

David W. Jones, who has resided on his farm one mile southeast of Sonoma for over thirty years, died last Monday after a lingering illness of several months. Decayed since which time the old gentleman had been failing slowly but surely. Mr. Jones was a native of England and aged 63 years. He died childless. The funeral took place last Wednesday and the remains were followed to their last resting place in Valley Cemetery by a large number of friends.

A Victim of the Storm.

The remains of a dead man, supposed to have been drowned in Napa creek during the recent storm, was observed by the passengers on the morning Southern Pacific train Tuesday, tied up to a boat near the drawbridge. Evidently the body had been secured by parties who had went to Napa to notify the Coroner of the find.

The originals of the certificates of cures effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are kept on file at the office of the J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass. Probably no similar establishment in the world can exhibit such a mass of valuable and convincing testimony.

Good accommodations at the Sonoma House. C. F. Rodin, proprietor.

Beaten With a Billet of Stove Wood.

Ah-Wing, employed on the McCartney place, Los Guilicos, was arrested by Deputy Constable Albertson last Thursday, on a charge of assaulting Ah Chung, a brother celestial, with a deadly weapon. The examination of the accused will take place this morning at 9 o'clock before Judge Cheney at the Hood ranch. The injured Chinaman was terribly beaten about the head and face by a billet of wood. Pending the examination the prisoner was lodged in the County Jail at Santa Rosa by Deputy Sheriff Sparks, the Sonoma Jail having burned down a few months ago.

SICK BENEFIT CLAIMS.

The Decision of a Grand Lodge Held to be Final.

The Supreme Court affirmed judgment Tuesday in the case of Robinson, appellant, vs. Templar Lodge, No. 17, Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The action was brought in the Superior Court by Robinson to recover "sick benefits" from his lodge after an unsuccessful appeal to the Grand Lodge. The Superior Court decided in favor of the defendant.

In sustaining this decision the Supreme Court says: "It would seem from the allegations of the complaint that the lodge whose jurisdiction plaintiff invoked are established for the purpose of settling all matters of difference which may arise between a subordinate lodge and any of its members growing out of a payment upon the part of the lodge to a beneficiary claimed. If the member consents to submit such matters to them for settlement, and it seems clear to us that plaintiff's voluntary submission of his claim for benefits to their decision was in the nature of a submission to arbitration, their decision should be considered equally conclusive."

An Enterprising (?) Correspondent.

The Sonoma correspondent of the Santa Rosa "Republican" glances bodily from the Index-Tribune most of the items furnished that paper each week. Probably the correspondent is not aware that the Sonoma Index-Tribune circulates in Santa Rosa as well as in other towns and by the time the items stolen from its columns appears in the "Republican" they have already been read and commented upon by the people of that town.

Blow His Brains Out.

Albert Sharp, a young farmer living on Mark West Creek, near the Petrified Forest, shot and killed himself with suicidal intent last Monday morning. The unfortunate man had been sick for some time and, having no hope of getting well, became despondent and taking his revolver placed the muzzle under his chin and fired. The bullet ranged up and passed through the brain killing him instantly. Deceased was a native of California and 23 years of age.

Free Exhibition.

Photographer Baker will give a stereoscopic exhibition at the City Pavilion on New Year's eve to commence at 7 o'clock and continue until midnight. The exhibition is intended for the amusement of the children of Sonoma and vicinity, and will consist of instructive and comic illustrations.

GLEN ELLEN.

A happy New Year all around. Salutations are plentiful in the creeks in this vicinity.

Miss Lizzie Poppe spent Christmas with relatives in Alameda.

Mrs. J. H. Martens spent Christmas with relatives in Glen Ellen.

The road leading to the Home was somewhat damaged by the late heavy rains.

Chas. Bähler, who resides a few miles from town, is suffering from a severe cold.

Roadmaster Kearney is putting in some good work on the roads in this vicinity.

Some of our Democratic friends have lent their eyes on the Glen Ellen postoffice.

Edith Johnson has leased the Watson place and will go into farming on a large scale.

Wm. Wagner, who was lately employed at the winery of Kohler & Fehling left for Honolulu last week.

Joe Zane is busy pruning his vineyard. He is aided in this work with a pair of gun boots and a supply of other plugs.

M. N. Cunningham of Bodera has been employed as teacher of the Glen Ellen public school. The spring term will commence Monday, March 6th 1893.

RAMONSON.

Glen Ellen, Dec. 29, 1892.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Personals, Weddings, Parties and Other Gatherings.

Wm. Burns of Alameda is visiting in Sonoma.

Leo Frisbie spent Christmas with relatives in Sonoma.

F. Clewe was a visitor in San Francisco last Wednesday.

David Calloway returned Tuesday from a brief visit to friends in the city.

F. Ehrlich of San Francisco spent Christmas with his daughter Mrs. Dr. Vance.

Tudy Estes of San Francisco visited Sonoma friends several days this week.

Gustave Haraszhly spent Christmas with his mother Mrs. A. F. Haraszhly.

W. H. O'Brien spent several days last week visiting friends in San Francisco.

Robt. Howe and family are spending the holidays with relatives in San Francisco.

Mrs. Wm. Brown of Santa Rosa visited friends in this place several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Green will accept our thanks for wedding cake sent to this office.

Geo. and Beaurie Spencer spent last Sunday to visit his sister Mrs. Granville Harris.

Attorney Fred. Duhring of San Francisco was in town last Wednesday on business.

Henry Winkle Jr. came up from the city Tuesday to visit his farm near Vineyard Station.

W. H. Merriam of Shellville visited San Francisco on business several days this week.

Wm. Appleton, accompanied by his sister Miss Elsie, returned to the metropolis Tuesday.

Dr. H. Latham, manager of the Hearst ranch, has been visiting in San Francisco this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Wade observed Christmas with relatives in San Francisco last Monday.

Wm. Estes returned to his home in San Francisco Thursday after several days visit in Sonoma.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Woodworth of Stony Point visited relatives in this place several days the past week.

George Thomas of San Mateo county is visiting his brother Wm. Thomas at the Bonded Warehouse keeper.

Miss Myrtle Moore is spending the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. Drahms of San Quentin.

Mrs. S. Goldacker of San Rafael spent several days the present week visiting her sister Mrs. Ella McKee.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dressel was brightened last Thursday by the arrival of a bouncing baby boy.

Toys, games, etc., and an endless variety of Holiday Goods, at special low prices for cash at Atwater's Petaluma.

Mrs. D. Duhring, accompanied by her daughter Miss Agnes, is up from her city home visiting at the Clewe residence.

Geo. Tate, after being confined to his home for several weeks, with a severe cold, was out sunning himself last Tuesday.

Jas. Church and Miss Maggie Church of San Francisco spent several days the past week at their old home near Sonoma.

David Calloway has petitioned the Superior Court to be appointed guardian of Mary Clara Finnen, a minor, daughter of the late John Finnen.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins (nee Belle Ewell) returned to their home in San Francisco last Tuesday after spending Christmas with relatives in Sonoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spaulding of San Francisco came up from the city last Saturday evening and spent Christmas with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Church.

Thos. Glynn of San Francisco came up on Tuesday evening to train to attend the wedding of Mr. L. H. Green and Miss Belle Ahern, which took place last Wednesday.

Lon Perkins, after a several months sojourn in Sonoma, left for the far north on a sailing expedition. He will be absent about eight months.

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Geo. W. Hooper was visiting in San Francisco one day this week.

T. S. Cooper spent several days this week visiting in the metropolis.

Miss Margie Linehan is up from the city spending the holidays with her mother.

Mrs. Dr. Latham and daughter Miss Nellie were in Sonoma one day this week.

W. L. Crooks left Wednesday for Benicia, where he will assume the duties of cashier of Benicia Bank.

Wm. Gilbert of San Francisco spent Christmas with his wife and baby on the C. C. Carriger farm near Sonoma.

J. Golden, a former attaché of this office, after spending Christmas with relatives in this place, left last Monday for Pomona to attend college.

Samuel Jones, brother of Senator Jones, and a director of the Floss Dredging and Reclamation Company, was a visitor to Sonoma yesterday.

James Redmond of Eureka, Humboldt County, is the guest of his sister Mrs. Robt. Jones. The gentleman will remain in Sonoma about one week.

The Methodist Church celebrated Christmas last Saturday evening in quite a novel and pretty way. On the pulpit platform was erected a snow cabin surrounded by tall pine trees, which appeared to be covered with snow, making a pretty and realistic scene. On Santa Claus was present all the evening and distributed his numerous gifts to all the good little children.

The exercises and Christmas tree at the Congregational Church on last Monday evening was enjoyed by all who attended. The early part of the evening was given up to songs and recitations appropriate to the occasion, after which came the distribution of the pretty presents taken from the tree, many of which gladdened the hearts of the little ones present.

St. Francis Church was the scene of an interesting wedding on last Wednesday at high noon. The principals were Miss Belle Ahern, daughter of Mr. L. H. Green, proprietor of the Sonoma Lumber Yard, and Mr. L. H. Green, who was officiated by the Rev. Father Cranwell. After the ceremony to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march the party left the church and were driven to the Sonoma House, where they received the congratulations of their friends, after which an elaborate wedding dinner was served. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Sarah Ahern. Mr. Thos. Glynn acted as best man, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Green left on the afternoon train and the usual shower of rice for Monterey, where they will spend their honeymoon. The following were present: Rev. Father Cranwell, Capt. and Mrs. Wm. C. Green, James Ahern, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Edgton, Miss Carrie Green, Mr. T. R. Glynn, James Ahern, Jr.

County Items.

Bennie O'Neil, the nine-year-old son of a prominent farmer living near Windsor, was instantly killed Wednesday afternoon. His father was felling a big tree near the house, and the boy was sitting on the limb of a tree nearby. When the tree fell down the boy was knocked off his seat, and he struck the ground on his head, breaking his neck.

When the case of The People vs. Wesley Matlock, charged with making an assault on Frank Mather with a pistol, was called in Judge Crawford's court last Wednesday in Santa Rosa, Matlock's attorney created surprise by stating that his client desired to withdraw the former plea of not guilty and enter one of guilty. The jury had been summoned and many prominent persons from various parts of the State were present to hear the proceedings. Judge Crawford ordered the him to pay a fine of \$150. The courtroom was crowded when Matlock stood up to receive his sentence. He was warmly congratulated on the result of the trial.

The question is frequently asked: "Why is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral more of use than other cough remedies?" The answer is simply because it is the most scientific combination of dynamine and expectorants known to medical science.

Nothing is so effective, always, reliable, pure and harmless, as Simmons Liver Regulator.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Apportionment of School Money.

Mrs. F. McG. Martin, County Superintendent of Schools, has finished apportioning the county school fund from the first installment of taxes. Those schools employing one teacher each, except the joint districts, will receive \$132. The joint districts receive funds as follows: Alder Glen, \$42; American Valley, \$112; Laguna Joint, \$95. Those employing more than one teacher will receive funds as follows: Cinnabar, \$264; Cloverdale, \$660; Courthouse, \$2772; Healdsburg, \$1320; Laguna, \$396; Meeker, \$264; Miriam, \$296; Petaluma, \$2112; Potter, \$264; Redwood, \$264; Sonoma, \$528; Wilson, \$264; Windsor, \$264; Rincon, \$264. Total apportionment on first installment, \$25,560. The county school fund apportionment on the second installment will be made in May. The State fund will be apportioned in January.

Mountain Cemetery.

Ed. INDEX-TRIBUNE:

The improvements in Mountain Cemetery, such as the gate, hitting posts and outside road were constructed under the supervision of Trustee Litzius, through the generous subscriptions of those who are interested in the Cemetery. The painting of the sign and lettering the same was done by the Wile Bros. gratis. The expenditure for the improvement complete, \$103; amount collected, \$82. All who have kindly subscribed are not paid in will please come forward and hand in the amount. Trustee Litzius so he can settle the balance of the bills. There is a surplus of \$43.79 on hand from the Sonoma Valley Exhibit fund, which will be used for a new road around the receiving vault as soon as the weather permits.

Yours Respectfully,

LITZIUS AND TRUDGEN, Cemetery Committee.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. Wm. & Teasly, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDRON, KESSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Go to the Sonoma House for good accommodations. Rates reasonable.

Simmons Liver Regulator is invaluable in the nursery. It is a gentle laxative and harmless.

Subscribe for your home paper.

SONOMA INDEX-TRIBUNE.

SONOMA, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1892.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU DON'T KNOW

What a comfort it is to have ready at hand a remedy that never fails to relieve Constipation, and that, without pain or discomfort, and almost immediately cures headaches, and dispels every symptom of Dyspepsia. Such a remedy is found in Simmons Liver Regulator—not a sweetened compound to nauseate, or an intoxicating beverage to cultivate an alcoholic appetite, but a medicine pleasant to the taste, and perfectly harmless when given to the smallest child. S. L. R. never disappoints. It possesses the virtues and perfection of a reliable remedy of the kind endorsed by eminent physicians.

"It affords me pleasure to add my testimony to those who receive annually in reference to your valuable medicine, I consider Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine on the market. I have prescribed it with excellent results."—W. F. PARK, M. D., Tracy City, Tenn.

HOTELS.

SONOMA HOUSE.

C. F. RODIN, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE UNDER THE NEW Management will be conducted in first class style.

THE TABLE

Will be supplied with the best Market affords.

THE BAR.

Under the supervision of the new proprietor will be supplied with the finest of Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

TOSCANO HOTEL,

NORTH SIDE PLAZA, SONOMA, CAL.

S. CIUCCI & CO., PROPRIETORS.

FIRST-CLASS TABLE. GOOD BEDS.

Wine & Beer 50c per Glass.

MEALS, 25c. LODGING, 25c.

Garibaldi House.

EAST SIDE PLAZA, SONOMA.

Lorenzo Modini, Proprietor.

Meals served on the Italian Plan.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Allindas Gardens.

CHAS. JUSTI - Proprietor.

THE JUSTI PLACE, ON THE SONOMA AND Santa Rosa road has been re-erected by the designer under the name of the ALLINDAS GARDENS.

Finest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Dispensed to patrons. A Specialty will be made of Old Sonoma Valley Wines.

CHAS. JUSTI.

P. SWIFT,

SUCCESSOR TO

LEWIS & SWIFT,

DRAWER IN ALL KINDS OF

LUMBER

215 Spear & 28 Howard

Streets.

PINE YARDS, N. W. corner Fremont and

Bryant Streets,

San Francisco, Cal

Telephone No. 800.

Feb 15th

Hiram Moses

No Confidence in Himself.

Yellowly—I'm going to swear off at

New Year's. Are you?

Brownly—No.

Y.—You are not? Why not?

B.—Because it makes a fellow feel so

mean to have to break his oath.—Bos-

ton Courier.

New Year Resolutions.

Oh, those New Year resolutions that we made

with holy awe

How they melted like the snow banks in a Janu-

ary thaw!

How the man who broke his meerschaum and

vowed to smoke no more,

Now smokes an old two cent pipe behind the

cellar door.

—New York Herald.

You

will never regret sending three 2-cent

stamps to pay postage, to A. P.

Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for a

copy of Dr. Kaufmann's great Medi-

cal Work: 100 pages, colored illus-

trations; of great value to every

family.

If you want a good roast o steak

go to Weyl's meat market.

IN OTHER CLIMES.

How New Year's is Observed in Many

Lands—The Ancient Egyptians.

In Mexico the day which is really

our 28th of February is often kept

with many characteristics of an old

fashioned English May day. Young

women, handsomely dressed, dance

around a pole to which are affixed a

number of colored ribbons, and, very

much as the "merry Mayers" of old did,

intertwine these ribbons into many

hued patterns, producing charming ef-

fects. This is symbolic, when the

dancers are all brought to the center by

their shortening ribbons, of the wind-

ing up of the seasons, and when the

dancing draws them from near the pole

with their lengthening ribbons, the as-

pect of the whole is said to represent

the expanding of the seasons. All this

is accomplished to the air of a song gen-

erally composed for the occasion, and

the whole exercise is poetic and grace-

ful.

The Russians at their New Year's hold

a feast denominated the "Feast of the

Dead," or in the Russian language,

"Raditzal Sabol." On this day people

visit the graves of their departed friends

and place food upon them. The priests

also attend and celebrate mass, taking

the food left upon the graves.

The Persian New Year corresponds to

our June, the Abyssinians to our 30th

of August, the Greeks make it Sept. 1,

the Chinese date it our first moon in

March, the Turks and Arabs from the

16th of July, and our own red men

reckon from the new moon of the vernal

equinox.

In England the "historic year" has al-

ways commenced on the first day of

January, because William the Con-

queror was crowned on that day. His-

torians have always commenced the

year with the 1st of January, though in

all civil affairs the ancient manner of

reckoning from the 25th of March was

retained until the year 1752, when by a

statute passed under George II. it was

enacted "that from and after the last

day of December, 1751, the new year

should commence on the first day of

January."

The celebration of the day is in some

respects similar in England to its ob-

servance in Scotland. It is customary

to hold festive gatherings on the last

day of the year for the purpose of "see-

ing the new year in." Balls, parties

and family gatherings are the usual

mode of grouping persons in the same

social scale, while dinner parties among

persons with old fashioned ideas are not

unusual. The amusements of the as-

sembled guests continue in the usual

manner until the approach of the mid-

night hour, a few minutes before which

all festivity is suspended, and an awful

alteration brought about by listening for

the first ring clanging of the clocks.

The moment the first stroke falls upon

the ears of the assemblage a clashing of

hands takes place, all glasses are raised,

and mutual good wishes and toasts are

rapidly passed, succeeded very often by

a willing but not always musically

skilled singing by all present of "Auld

Lang Syne."—Exchange.

The French Exchange Gifts.

The fashion of exchanging New Year's

gifts, now declining in England, is

kept up in Paris. Parents bestow

portions on their children, brothers on

their sisters, and husbands settle sums

of money on their wives. During the

day the streets are crowded with car-

riages filled with souvenirs, bonbons and

toys to delight the little ones. Sweet-

meats are made in the most singular

forms one can imagine: bunches of car-

rots, green peas, boots and shoes, hats

and books and musical instruments, all

made of sugar and colored to imitate reality,

and hollow to hold bonbons. In the

morning social visits are exchanged, and

no one able to give is exempt from leav-

ing a present at every house he visits.

This favor is not expected from ladies.—

Selected.

The Scottish Hogmanay.

A satisfactory explanation of the term

"hogmanay," used by the Scots to desig-

nate the last day of the old year, has

never yet been given, but there are two

suppositions which are quite plausible.

One is that the term "hogmanay" is de-

rived from "hogenot" or "hogenight,"

the Scandinavian name for the night

preceding the feast of yule, when ani-

mals were sacrificed, the word "hogg"

meaning to kill. The other derivation

is from the French, "an gne menez,"

"to the mistletoe go," referring to the Druids'

custom on New Year's eve of collecting

mistletoe from the oaks, and after

consecrating it distributing it among the

people of the family, by whom it was

worn because of the many virtues

ascribed to it.—Exchange.

A Curious Japanese Ceremony.

It is "after nightfall on the last night

of the old year" that a curious cer-

emony called horai, or "devil expul-

sion," is performed. The head of the

family with a box of roasted beans goes

into every room in the house, and scat-

tering the beans about the room and

into every corner cries out: "Faku wa

achi, ohi wa soto!"—"Happiness within,

the devil without." On that night no

one is supposed to sleep, but if one

should for any reason go to sleep one

must certainly wake at about 4 o'clock

of New Year's day, which is "the day

of the three beginnings—of a day,

a month and a year."—Exchange.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

It is the Custom to Give Presents, but

the Consequence Alone Profits.

On New Year's day Paris, most un-

derestimated of cities, makes sacrifice

to that domesticity which is the pride

of other nations in general, and of our

dear England in particular. Le Jour de

l'An is emphatically the day of families,

as they call it, which means that it is on

that day that friends and relations de-

vote themselves to each other. It is a

day when the intense altruism of life in

Paris is momentarily suspended, when

the family reasserts itself for too short

a time, when the boulevard and the cafe,

and that M. Tout-le-Monde in whom on

all the other days of the year Paris takes

so vast an interest, are momentarily left

to their own devices.

It is the pleasure of the wife and of

the grumblers to complain of this day.

It is the day of giving presents, and

those who give least are loudest in their

grumblings about a custom which they

qualify as an intolerable tax. As a mat-

ter of fact, one's duties in this respect

are of the slightest. There is the con-

cealage to be fed, to be sure, but in pre-

senting one's gratitude to this servant one

feels that never was largesse better in-

vested. It buys civility for the rest of the

year—the gratuity only a fair one.

And those who have dwelt in Parisian

flats will know how indispensable it is to

be on good terms with the porter

it is through his hands that all the

lodgers' letters and parcels pass: it is he

who answers all questions that visitors

or inquirers may have to put; it is he

who pulls the doorstring to let one in

and out at night. When one remembers

that a surly concierge, pretending shur-

rage, may leave one for long minutes ex-

posed to the present icy winds of the

Parisian streets before affording ingress,

one sees how well it is to be in his good

books. As a matter of fact the porters

are so badly paid that but for the custom

of etrennes they would not be able to

exist at all. The sums received on New

Year's day form a part of their income,

and this sum is taken into consideration

by the landlord when engaging them.

It is usual to give at least a sovereign,

but in many houses a couple of louis

would be considered a minimum.

It is from the porter that the Parisian

on New Year's day hears for the first

time the phrase that he shall that day

so often hear, "Je vous souhaite bonne